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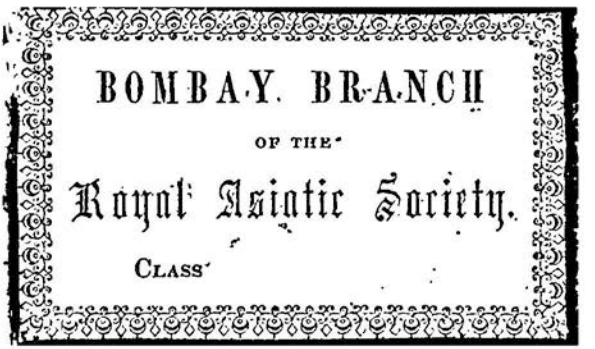

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THE

HAWARDEN HORACE

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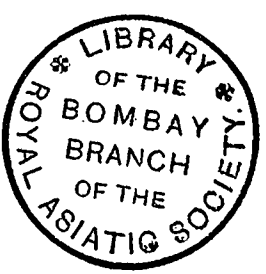
43597

BY

CHARLES L. GRAVES

AUTHOR OF 'THE BLARNEY BALLADS' 'THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED'



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1894

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NOTE

TEN of the following pieces have appeared in the columns of the *Spectator*, from which they are reprinted by the kind permission of the editor. The remainder are now published for the first time. The rendering of *Eheu fugaces* (Od. II. 14) is from the pen of Mr. M. H. Temple, and that of *Est mihi nonum* (Od. IV. 11) by Mr. E. V. Lucas. For permission to include their unpublished versions in my collection, as well as for many emendations and helpful suggestions, I desire most cordially and gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to these two friends.

C. L. G.

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THE HAWARDEN HORACE

AD MÆCENATEM

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos ;
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo,
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrio findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus

AD PLANTAGENISTAM

VERNON, whose lion port and stately grace
Proclaim thee scion of a royal race !
Vernon, my strenuous henchman, stout and true,
Hast marked the diverse aims that men pursue ?
Some straddling hunchbacked o'er the 'scorching' wheel
In record-cutting all their joyance feel,
Or hold the bounding prowess of a Fry
Exalts the happy athlete to the sky.
Others, again, before the masses bow,
And spend their time in planning to endow
Each yokel with three acres and a cow.
Others, again, unscrupulous modern Horners,
Find bliss in making corn or cotton corners.

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,

The Celts, who hunger for the land in fee,
Let aliens reap the riches of their sea,
While British tars, of wind and wave the sport,
Pray, as they pitch and roll, for any port;
Anon, defiant of a watery doom,
Their iron 'Resolution' they resume.
Some whom I know chase cobwebs from their brain
By quaffing brimming bumpers of champagne;
While others, by capricious fortune tried,
Prefer to 'cultivate their own fireside.'
The soldier's life still yields a potent spell,
Nor risk nor hardship can avail to quell;
For, spite of Labouchere's parochial view,
Our youth read Kipling, and admire Selous
Sport claims its numerous votaries, who roam,
Regardless of the ties of House or home,
By flood and field, o'er moorland, heath and crag,
Their sole desire to make a goodly bag.

Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis ; me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Me, late withdrawn from Downing's dusty street
To breezy Brighton's Tusculan retreat,
An ardent aspiration stirs and sways
To win and wear the unawarded bays.
Oh, could I by some sweet and swanlike strain
'Translate' myself unto that 'higher plane'[1]
Where Homer, Tennyson, and Horace reign!—
Oh, then, without one solitary pang,
Could I afford to let Home Rule go hang,
Pardon the Peers, and from my conquering car
Look down with brow elate on *Sun* and *Star*!

[1] 'Tennyson's exertions have been on a higher plane of human action than my own. He has worked in a higher field, and his work will be more durable.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at Kirkwall*, September 12, 1883.

AD PYRRHAM

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfûsus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

AD HIBERNIAM

REDOLENT of 'Jockey Club,'
  Pliant as a lath,
Is the boy you now decoy
  Down the primrose path.
Him with neatly braided locks
  Lovingly you lure,
Clad in green, and in your mien
  Studiously demure.

Soon from off the gingerbread
  Vanishes the gilt :
Ere the year be spent and sere
  You will prove a jilt.

Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis ! Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida

Do I blame him? No, not I;—
Only could a wizard
In your face the symptoms trace
Of the coming blizzard.

Trusting in your halcyon mood
Thinks he, simple chiel,
You will bide, whate'er betide,
Lovable and leal.
When a landsman in a sieve
Braves the Western gales,
Patrick Jones must have his bones—
(Davy works for Wales).

Lamentable is the lot
Of the gilded friend
You bemuse and Hugh Price Hughes
Labours to amend.

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris deo.

I was very nearly wrecked
Rounding Ireland's Eye ;
But I swam, and here I am
High and dry and spry.

AD PLANCUM

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen,
Aut Epheson bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt, quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et

AD MORLÆIUM

SOME say 'twas in Midlothian, and some there be who swear
I first beheld the moonlight in the wilds of county Clare.
Some say 'twas Tory Island, and some have little doubt
'Twas either Tara famed for song, or Dublin famed for stout.
Some back the Modern Athens, whose architecture's grace
In all its 'virgin purity'[1] in memory I retrace.

[1] 'I know Edinburgh well; I knew almost every street and every corner . . . when Edinburgh was in what I may call the virgin purity of its architecture.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Council Chamber, Edinburgh*, November 25, 1879.

Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis
Et præceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores

Hall Caine would like to claim me for the Isle of Grand
Old Man,
And Labouchere's disposed to think I hail from the
Soudan ;
While many a gallant Taffy is as sure as eggs can be
That from the house of Harlech I derive my pedigree.
But though unable to affirm that I have not been
smitten
With all the disadvantages of being born a Briton,
In spite of strong inducements to emerge on alien earth
I blush to own in Liverpool the background of my birth.
But stay, I'll move the closure here.
Though, Morley, you and I
Were born and bred on English soil, 'neath England's
foggy sky,
Though wearied by your daily dose of endless Irish
stew,
Though Art is looking Yellow, and politics look blue,

Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
Sic tristes affatus amicos :
'Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente
Ibimus, o socii comitesque !
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;
Certus enim promisit Apollo,
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
O fortes pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.'

Like me forget your troubles for a while, bid care avaunt,
Take tickets for the pantomine, or visit 'Charley's Aunt.'
Remember how in '65, when Dizzy's craft abhorred
Induced my *alma mater* to throw me overboard—
Did I assume the willow, or cringe beneath the blow,
Or bid my sad supporters an eternal farewell? No!
I shook the dust of Oxford from my feet and sallied forth
And in two days was sitting for a county in the North.
'Cheer up, faint-hearted Liberals!'—so rang my clarion cry—
'At last I am unmuzzled: never think of saying die!
What though my foster parent has ejected me in scorn,
I'm certain of a welcome in the shire where I was born.
Once more the flowing tide is ours; be brave and banish sorrow,
What Lancashire decides to-day is England's will to-morrow.'

AD LEUCONOËN

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem dî dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melĭus, quidquid erit, pati !
Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppŏsitis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum, sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

AD ASTROLOGIÆ AMATOREM

DEAR Mr. Stead, excuse me if I beg you, as a friend,
To cease importuning the spooks about my latter end.
Your Babylonish numbers, I admit, were even worse,
But still, a taste for spirits is undoubtedly a curse.
Far better leave the stars alone, and, banishing to Burmah
Your astral misalliances, take root on *terra firma.*
This chilly June may be our last, or Providence decree
That we shall both contribute to the *Twentieth Century.*
In either case try drinking port, and study to be sane,
Lest your high hopes should ruin down the limitless inane.
E'en as I write this post-card, time flies, hand over hand:
Then cultivate the daily press, nor trust in *Borderland.*

AD MÆCENATEM

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cum tibi plausus,

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ

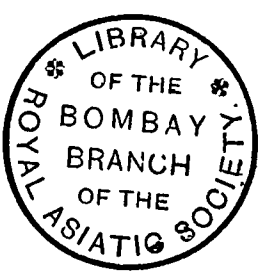
AD AMICUM

DEAR Acton, next Wednesday, at dinner,
I cannot but honestly think
You'll find that my claret is thinner
Than that you're accustomed to drink.
Twelve shillings a dozen it cost me
That year—I remember it well—
When Oxford, that loved me yet lost me,
Created you Hon. D.C.L.

The cheers by your presence excited
That filled the Sheldonian dome,
The Vatican vastly delighted,
And sensibly gratified Rome.

Temperant vites neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

And so, for the savour historic
That clings to my modest Bordeaux,
You'll pardon its want of caloric,
And vote it the choicest of Clos.



AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM

INTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra

AD ARISTIDEN OBFUSCATUM

If clear be your conscience, my Morley,
No bullet-proof coat you'll require,
Though often dispirited sorely
By Erin's Invincible ire:
Nay further, discarding coercion,
You may with impunity fare
On a midsummer moonlight excursion
Unarmed through the County of Clare.

Look at me. As the breeze of the zephyr
I strolled forth of late to enjoy,
A vicious and virulent heifer—
I was humming the 'Dear Irish Boy'—

Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,

Came fiercely galumphing beside me :
But suddenly changing its tone,
The animal amiably eyed me,
And left me severely alone.

O wild is Hibernia's Taurus,
And Collings' chimerical cow,
And neither demure nor decorous
Is the Tammany Bos, but I vow
That even in Chamberlain's garden [1]
No wickeder brute you'll espy
Than the horrible heifer of Hawarden,
Who fled from my emerald eye.

Were I bound within range of a rifle
In Dopping's implacable grip ;

[1] On May 7, 1894, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., was gored by a Guernsey bull at Highbury.

Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget :
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata :
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Though I fled to the summit of Eiffel
To give Ashmead-Bartlett the slip ;
Were I doomed to despair on Sahara,
Or sentenced to dine with the Shah,
Still I'd chant, to the tune of Ta-ra-ra,
The praises of Erin-go-Bragh.

AD PUERUM

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum

AD CYRILLUM FLOSCULUM

ORIENTAL flowers, my Cyril,
(Save of language) I detest:
Cull for me no costly orchid
To adorn my blameless breast.
Nor essay to deck my raiment
With the blushing English rose,
For its brutal Saxon odour
Aggravates my Scottish nose.

Me as Minister the fragrance
Of the leek doth most arride,
With the shamrock and the thistle
In a triple posy tied:

Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta

Vite bibentem.

So, beneath my grand umbrella
  Firmly fixed on College Green,
Let us deviate from duty
  In a deluge of poteen.

AD DELLIUM

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli,

Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res et ætas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

AD VERITATIS CULTOREM

HENRY, sore shattered by this trying summer,
Pray keep a level head like mine, nor deign
To play the mad Mephistophelean mummer,
Should fickle fortune favour us again.

Whether you toil in London like a nigger,
Or, snatching hurriedly a breathing space,
At some familiar German baths you figure,
Quaffing the waters with impassive grace,

Scorn not the wine-cup, puff the Melachrino,
And pluck the pallid Primrose while you may,
Ere Time, that mocks at Holloway and Eno,
O'er Truth's own editor shall assert his sway.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

For there will come an hour when you, my Labby,
Must quit your charming villa and your lands
At Twickenham, and (resting in the Abbey)
Bequeath your modest pile to other hands.

What though to noble Frenchmen famed in story
You trace your blood's cerulean tint, I fear
The least sophisticated rural Tory
In mere longevity may prove your peer.

Death waits on all, impartial, unrelenting,
And none of mortals may the summons brave
That bids us, or resigned or unconsenting,
Fare forth upon th' irremeable wave.

AD SEPTIMIUM

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda ;

Tibur Argeo pos[illegible] colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiæque !

AD CICERONEM NOSTRUM

MAJESTIC Armitstead, colossal crony,
Ever at shortest notice all agog
To start for Brighton as my cicerone,
For Gothenburg, Khartoum, or Ballybog—
Prepared, did Arctic fever fire my soul,
To pilot me in person to the Pole!

A truce, old friend, to Continental touring;
Tempt me no more in foreign realms to roam;
To me incomparably more alluring
Are the delights of Hawarden and of home:
For I have crowded more into my span
Than any mortal since the Ithacan.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Bacca Venafro.

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon

Thence if the savage Sassenach should hound me
Into the heart of gallant little Wales,
O may some suitable retreat be found me
Amid fair Cambria's enchanting vales;
For I have ever been, and am, a glutton
For all things Welsh—from music down to mutton.

Yes, Wales I love, home of the bilious bunny;
Home of my fiery namesake, Mr. Gee;
Whose heather yields the most delicious honey,
Whose Bards are countless as the sands o' Dee.
Whose leek, to any educated nose,
Is sweeter than the overrated rose.

There, to assuage the thirsty native throttle,
My noble and accomplished friend Lord Bute[1]

[1] In South Wales, Lord Bute has had a vineyard for nineteen years, and he has made good wine from his grapes. Lord Bute's

Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces ; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici

'Grows splendid wine at nine-and-six the bottle—
A most refined and lucrative pursuit.
In fact, there's not 'the differ of' a *bouton*
'Twixt Mouton Rothschild and this Cymru Mouton

There Watkin's high but hospitable châlet
Will oftentimes invite us for a climb
By slow and easy stages from the valley,
To hoary Snowdon's pinnacle sublime
There let us live and die, and dying, win
Meet elegy from Morris of Penbryn.

head gardener says that some of the wine from the 1881 crop realised 115*s.* a dozen when sold by auction at Birmingham last year. This crop was grown at Castell Coch. Lord Bute has now another large vineyard on the shore of the Bristol Channel, where the 'Gamy Nori' grapes last year gave forty hogsheads of wine of the best quality.'—*Daily Graphic*, September 17, 1894.

AD LICINIUM MURENAM

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

AD MILESIUM GLORIOSUM

TWOULD please me greatly, dear Tay Pay,
If from exaggeration's sway
You could be weaned.
I'm not, although you'd have it so,
A perfect seraph, nor is 'Joe'
A perfect fiend.

The pressman who in all his prose
'Conspicuous moderation' shows,
Can never fill
A place upon the Birthday lists,
Nor sink, 'mid hireling eulogists,
To puff a pill.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem

Balloons that soar to heights unknown,
An ugly way at times have shown
Of going pop :
And you, Sol's charioteer-in-chief,
Must face, if e'er you come to grief,
A long, long drop.

When fickle fortune wears a frown,
Be not dis-astrously cast down ;
Nor trust her smile :
The Sun, we know, can't always shine ;
But then, last June was quite as fine
As this is vile.

Although the outlook's somewhat black,
With Rosebery on Ladas' back
'Tis bound to mend ;

Suscitat musam neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela

When Tara's harp is heard anew,
Your editorial long-bow you
May well unbend.

Though our majorities be small,
And candid friends predict our fall,
Tay Pay, sit tight;
Refraining, when we gaily glide
Upon the fair and flowing tide,
From blatherskite.

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AD POSTUMUM

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque morti :

Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

AD POSTREMUM GENGULPHUM

Ah, Ellis, Ellis! Waning fame
Nor art nor eloquence can stay;
A dog, though hyphened be his name,
Can only have his day.

Though up and down the country you
Should daily thump three hundred tubs,
You would not soothe the Marquess, who
Rollit and Randolph snubs.

The common lot! We all at last
Receive the inevitable sack—
The Jingo, the Iconoclast,
The Peer, the Party Hack.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriæ,
Frustra per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum :

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans et Danai genus
Infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo,
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

In vain to murderous war you urge
The armies of the Empress Queen,
In vain her navies o'er the surge
You steer to College Green:

Below the gangway must you sit
With Bartley, Hanbury, and Bowles;
A mark for journalistic wit,
A butt for all the Souls.

No Civil Lordship then for you;
England, your love, will disappear;
The *North American Review*
Alone your cry will hear.

Another patriot will arise,
A bolder guardian of the Guelph,
A coiner of more raucous cries,
More blatant than yourself.

AD GROSPHUM

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura venale neque auro.

Non enim gazæ neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

AD PRIMULAM VULGAREM

CALM upon the broad Atlantic, tossed by billows fierce and frantic,
Pallid passengers inordinately crave,
As the angry ocean surges and the sire of Boanerges
Cataclysmically merges cloud and wave.

Calm it is that wan advisers of unconscionable Kaisers
Unceasingly are striving to attain—
Calm, the coveted of Chilians and belligerent Brazilians,
Calm, that even Mackay's millions court in vain.

For although your wealth be teeming far beyond a miser's dreaming,
Though your lackeys have the lustre of Lord Mayors,
Pomp affords no mitigation of the cankering vexation
Of a democrat condemned to sit upstairs.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.

Modest wants are soonest sated; though their spoons be
silver-plated,
Many men by sounder slumbers are restored
Than if they yearly spent more than the millionaire of
Mentmore,
Or drank from golden goblets like a lord.

What avails our ceaseless striving, planning, plotting, and
contriving,
As we flit in search of sunshine or of peace
To the heart of Cochin-China, Carolina, Argentina?
Even Liberators can't obtain release.

Care asserts her odious power in the warship's conning-
tower,
Scruples not the gilded guardsman to assail;
And her onset far surpasses e'en such speed as Isinglass's,
Surpasses e'en the racers of the rail.

Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ, tibi tollit hinnitum

To anticipate disaster brings it hitherward the faster;
Oh, believe me, Tapley's attitude is best.
As for Labouchere's reviling, learn from me to bear it smiling:
No lot on earth is altogether blest.

Canning's doom was brilliant brevity; ineffectual longevity
Obscured the early eminence of Grey:
And it may be in our sequel, though in length of span unequal,
Serener joys shall crown my closing day.

You have parks as broad as prairies, you've Elizabethan dairies,[1]
You've an army of retainers at your call:

[1] 'Mentmore, "the lordly pleasure house" which the Earl of Rosebery came into possession of on his marriage, is celebrated far

Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

And the winner of the 'Guineas' and the Derby proudly
whinnies
Whene'er the Opposition has a fall.

I've a small estate at Hawarden, with a nice old-fashioned
garden,
I've a pair of carriage-horses and a cob;
And I con my classic folios far from Parliament's im-
broglios,
Unembarrassed by the mandate of the mob.

and wide for its noble halls and beautiful gardens. . . . Lord Rosebery's is essentially a dairy farm. . . . The dairy is . . . provocative of admiration, with its Elizabethan architecture. . . . In the centre is a marble fountain. . . . . On the wooden shelves is a good deal of china, chiefly in Dresden and other fine ware. . . . . The orchard is under the jurisdiction of Mr. J. Smith, who has fifty gardeners and labourers under his direction.'—From 'The Prime Minister as Farmer,' *Westminster Gazette*, April 25, 1894.

DE CONTINENTIA

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
Ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ :
At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
Me petit ; nihil supra
Deos lacesso nec potentem amicum

AD CRŒSUM CHICAGINENSEM

No staircase of marble, no ceiling
By Tadema painted, are mine ;
My spoons are unworthy of stealing,
No epicure envies my wine.
No millionaire ever bequeathed me
The tithe of his riches untold,
Nor has any Tracy enwreathed me,
Like Dizzy, with laurels of gold

No, mine is an intellect spacious,
A record unsullied by blame,
And even Carnegie is gracious
Enough my acquaintance to claim

Largiora flagito
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

Heav'n's bounty for naught I importune,
I cringe not to rich or to great,
Supremely content with my fortune,
My snug little Flintshire estate.

Though time, like Niagara speeding,
Brings doom to the plutocrat peer,
Of death and its duties unheeding
New palaces hastes he to rear.
Or, craving a keener emotion
Than life on the mainland supplies,
He scours o'er the surface of ocean
In yachts of extravagant size.

Nay more if he thinks that his shooting
The huts of the husbandmen spoil,
He never refrains from uprooting
Poor tenants by scores from the soil :

Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci fine destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coërcet, hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

For, sifting the facts from the fictions—
A duty no sage should refuse—
'Twixt Scottish and Irish evictions
There isn't a penny to choose.

Yet Harcourt, that resolute wrecker,
Whose *fiat* we humbly obey,
To fatten his famished exchequer
Marks down even Dukes for his prey!
In vain his remorseless exaction
They daily endeavour to dodge;
Death's sole and supreme satisfaction
Is tasted by penniless Hodge.

CARMEN AMŒBÆUM

Hor. Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lyd. Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,

CARMEN AMŒBÆUM

Will. When in the golden days of yore
Thy favour I enjoyed
(Though purely Scottish to the core),
My bliss was unalloyed :
Proud of a love that jealous fate
Methought could never mar,
I envied not the high estate
Of Kaiser or of Czar.

Brit. So long, sweet William, as I reigned
Unrivalled in thy breast,
Ere blarneying Hibernia gained
The throne I erst possessed ;

Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Hor. Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit
Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens,
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lyd. Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,

Proud of thy genius and thy love,
I candidly confess
I ranked Victoria's realm above
The realm of good Queen Bess.

Will. Me now Hibernia holds in thrall,
My crownless harpy Queen !
With her I chant in Tara's Hall
'The Wearing of the Green.'
For her dear sake I'd rant and rail
At every institution,
Although such conduct should entail
A sudden dissolution.

Brit. Me Cecil fires with mutual flame,
My masterful *Marquis* !
I love him for his noble name,
His ancient pedigree.

Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Hor. Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

Lyd. Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo

Two dissolutions in two years
For him I'd undergo,
Provided that the House of Peers
Escaped an overthrow.

Will. Suppose the old familiar fire
Afresh within me burned?
Suppose the lady and her lyre
In weariness I spurned?
What if I bowed my Irish bride
Politely to the door,
And swore unswervingly to bide
With thee for evermore?

Brit. Though fairer than the *Star* were he,
Than Hottentot thou sabler,
More flighty than Mid-Cork's M.P.,
Than Channel chops unstabler,

Iracundior Hadria,

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

With thee as guardian of my race
Life's bliss anew would bloom,
With thee unfalteringly I'd face
The deadly ding of doom.

AD MÆCENATEM.

INCLUSAM Danaën turris aënea
Robustæque fores et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris,
Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius

AD CÆCILIUM AFRICANUM

GIRT round by scrub and stream, and closely guarded
By valiant warriors waiting on his call,
Loben the brave, who erst the lean earth larded,
Were even now at peace within his kraal,
Holding unchallenged sway o'er his possessions,
Meting rude justice both to young and old,
But for the craze for claims and for concessions,
But for the over-mastering greed of gold.

Gold saps the moral fibre of electors,
Lures building companies from virtue's way,

Ictu fulmineo: concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus; munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.
Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorrui
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas, equitum decus.
Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab dîs plura feret: nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
Partes linquere gestio,

Demoralises deputies, directors,
And brings the house of Jabez to decay.
Gold tempts the skippers of a neutral nation
To run the fearful perils of blockade;
Gold was the means of Erin's degradation,
When Pitt his 'blackguard' policy essayed.

Wealth, as it waxes, only brings vexation,
Linked with a never-ceasing thirst for pelf:
Happy is he, who, shunning speculation,
Remains a simple commoner, like myself.
The life of self-denial far surpasses
The 'cushioned ease'[1] of dukes and millionaires,
And I have found more virtue in the masses
Than in the cleanest class who purchase Pears'.

[1] 'It is possible that he [Mr. Chamberlain] may have a certain enjoyment in the cushioned ease of that society in which he now mixes with satisfaction.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Memorial Hall*, London, July 29, 1887.

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.
Puræ rivus aquæ silvaque jugerum
Paucorum et segetis certa fides meæ
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior.
Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis,
Importuna tamen pauperies abest
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.

Leader of these, I harbour no ambition
To own a gold reef, or control De Beers:
My small estate in Wales, my Irish mission,
Suffice to solace my declining years.
Such is the bliss for which alone I hunger;
So dowered, I would not, were the option free,
Exchange with you, though forty summers younger,
And lord of Africa from sea to sea.

'Tis true no dainties deck my frugal table;
I don't possess a dozen of Lafite;
I own no cattle-ranche nor racing stable,
Nor do my yachts with 'Vigilant' compete.
But I am far removed from destitution,
Far from the 'Union,' whatsoe'er betide;
And, judging by your famous contribution,
More, if I wanted it, you would provide.

Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,
Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
Desunt multa: bene est, cui deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

Take it from me—no philosophic tyro—
Happier the man who limits his desires,
Than he who prances from Cape Town to Cairo,
Or spans the wastes of Africa with wires.
Excessive wants on earth are never sated,
Nor mines nor millions avarice can assuage:
Blest he, from Income-tax emancipated,
Who is content to earn a living wage.

AD PHYLLIDEM

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
Est hederæ vis
Multa, qua crines religata fulges;
Ridet argento domus; ara castis
Vincta verbenis avet immolato
Spargier agno;
Cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
Cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ;
Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.

AD DOROTHEAM

I KNOW where there is honey in a jar
  Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
  That only wait small hands to intertwine
  A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
  The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
  Expectantly are running to and fro:
  The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
Findit Aprilem,
Jure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus adfluentes
Ordinat annos.
Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
Non tuæ sortis juvenem puella
Dives et lasciva tenetque grata
Compede vinctum.
Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes, et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,
Semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
Quam licet sperare nefas putando

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honoured and most blest.

That haughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss).
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

Disparem vites. Age jam meorum
Finis amorum—
Non enim posthac alia calebo
Femina—condisce modos amanda
Voce quos reddas; minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

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